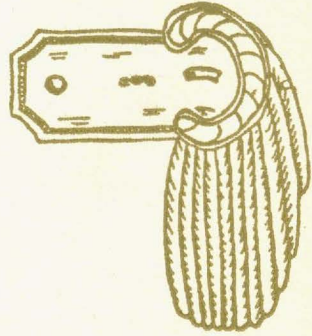
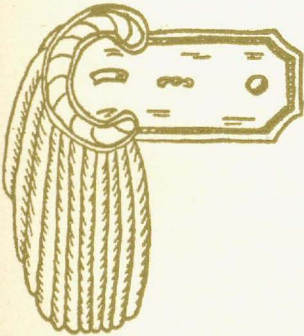


# *The* EPAULET



*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of  
Expressing Them Make Literature*



# *The* EPAULET

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by the STUDENTS of  
MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE  
of the UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

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# *December*

*By*

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

Winter clutches at the earth with cold, steel claws;  
With jealous talons strips the helpless trees;  
Spreads o'er the earth its acid cloak of frost  
That burns and curls each lingering, hardy leaf.  
Sends o'er the frozen earth its bitter breath  
To whirl the rusty, dried-up leaves in heaps,  
To make the sprawling, naked limbs of trees  
Writhe wild and black against an ashen sky.  
While winter thus is lashing at the world without,  
A world of warmth and light and song within.

Behind the frosted walls of every dorm  
Teems merriment and all the flowing life  
That once surged through the frozen world without.  
A thousand plans for Christmas are discussed,  
A thousand memories of those at home,  
The red-gold wash of candle light in dreaming eyes,  
The aching joy of singing Christmas carols;  
The throbbing little expectations in each heart  
Of going home and seeing Mom and Dad;  
All these make up the life and joy that surge  
Inside each dorm as Christmastime draws near.





## A Message From The Co-Editors

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### *"The Old Order Changeth, Yielding Place to New"*

THE new cover of THE EPAULET symbolizes the change that has taken place in THE EPAULET, both inside and out. Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia has the spotlight focused on her in this issue, for we feel that our college years are the most influential years in our lives and they deserve the interpretation and perpetuation that THE EPAULET is trying to give them.

Our magazine has a distinct function in our college life that is not fulfilled by any of the other publications. *The Bullet* gives us a factual account of our activities here on campus; *The Battlefield* gives us a pictorial review of our various organizations. THE EPAULET interprets these activities and organizations according to the writer's viewpoint and imbues in them life and significance. Our EPAULET is a record of the most important thing we have—our thoughts. One of the highest aims of college is to stimulate creative thinking. What greater opportunity does our college afford us than to be able to put into publication our creative thoughts?

THE CO-EDITORS.

## *Transition*

*By*

ALICE LYNCH

Joy and a blue October sky  
Crisp and clear as the first leaves fly,  
Laughing girls and flying curls,  
Eddies of red leaves in twists and twirls,  
Splashes of color from limb and bough,  
The beauty belongs to nature now.  
Artist's hand nor poet's pen  
Could ever bring it back again.

Peace and a grey November sky,  
Winter's dark clouds heavy lie,  
Squirrel packs nuts in his winter lair,  
Black limbs pierce the mellow air,  
Sober girls have caught the cue  
From dying nature's somber blue.  
Though transformed, beauty's living still.  
Thru changing mood atop "the Hill."

# Curtain—Going Up?

By

HILDA PARKS

“WELL, come on . . . let’s pull ourselves together. Now this is dress rehearsal, kids. Tomorrow night at eight-fifteen the curtain will ring up and there’s got to be a show. And, from the looks of this, we will still be going through it tomorrow night at eight-fifteen. Well . . . let’s go!”

Weakly, the harassed director sinks back down into the seat; props his leg over the chair arm, loosens his tie, runs a finger around his collar, and gazes wearily at the bustle of activity on the stage. Legs and arms are flying, chairs being moved back and forth, against a background of girls in rolled-up blue jeans and plaid shirts (any one of which would be enough to blind a person with normal vision) who are feverishly slapping last-minute dabs of paint onto a set which is dangerously near collapsing from the wind created by rushing feet!

The stage is cleared, the curtain down, the “foots” up, and silence reigns in the auditorium. In fact, without stretching a point, one might go so far as to say that silence pours in the auditorium!

“Curtain,” says the director.

More silence.

“Curtain, please,” says the director in a politely strained voice.

More and still louder silence.

“—!” says the director. “Where is the curtain girl?”

A head appears between the curtains.

“Please, sir, she said she had a chemistry test tomorrow and couldn’t come tonight,” says the head.

A few more choice words from the director, which prudence keeps us from printing.

“Well, will some young lady condescend to pull the curtain and we will resume . . . uh . . . begin the rehearsal,” says the director, in a sugary voice.

The curtain is pulled, revealing our friends in blue jeans, who are by this time so smeared with paint that they look like part of the set: hence, we disregard them.

A lone figure appears on the stage, a baffled look on its face. It stands uncertainly in the exact center of the stage and several uncomfortable minutes drag by until someone has the nerve to say:

“Psst, you! Hey . . . you, in the middle of the stage! Whatcha want?”

“Why, uh,” says the lone figure, “my roommate just got a telephone call. I don’t see her around, but she plays the part of the—”

At which point the roommate arrives



and mercifully drags her still-staring messenger off the stage and out into the night.

Again the stage is bare, and on strides a majestic figure in the ill-fitting garb of a queen. Following her, walking on her knees, is the wardrobe mistress, her mouth full of pins, still turning up the hem of the trailing cloak. She waddles around the stage in the

wake of the queen, sticking a pin in here and a pin in there . . . knocking over vases and subordinate characters.

As the director rises slowly from the rear of the auditorium, we leave this jolly group, a wistful note in our voices, tears in our eyes, and a firm resolution . . . to stay as far away from the Mary Washington Players during production as humanly possible!



### *Soul of Psyche*

By

ELLEN BONO

To the mountain streams we owe our happiness,  
 To the birds we owe our song,  
 To the clear blue skies in the heavens,  
 Where the fleecy clouds belong,  
 We owe the most of all,  
 For to God and to us they are home.



# Tinkling Cymbals

By

ELLEN BONO

## A PLAY IN TWO ACTS

DATE: Tuesday night, November 7,  
eve of the election.

CHARACTERS: Eight Republicans, One  
Democrat.

### ACT I

*Setting:* Girls grouped around the  
radio in tense positions. Pencils and  
papers systematically arranged; indica-  
tive of tense listening.

1ST REPUBLICAN (*quietly*): Put  
that lamp on the floor, sort of under  
the bed. That's swell.

2ND REP.: Gee, we look peculiar  
with our hair up. Louise looks sort of  
like a snail.

1ST REP.: Shall we eat now or later?

CHORUS: Now!!

(*Enter Democrat.*)

1ST REP.: Have a coke, dope!

DEMOCRAT: Thanks: You'd think  
that I would know better than to enter  
a forlorn Republican Revival like this.

3RD REP.: Relax, Ethyl—no excuses.  
Mentally you're acromegliac. Quiet,  
everybody, here comes the twelve  
o'clock returns.

RADIO: Ready with your pencils,  
everyone?

Alabama, 8% reporting:

Roosevelt ..... 84,115

Dewey ..... 29,000

Arizona, 16% reporting:

Roosevelt ..... 10,000

Dewey ..... 8,000

\* \* \* \*

Wisconsin, 41%:

Roosevelt ..... 227,000

Dewey ..... 229,000

Wyoming, 23%:

Roosevelt ..... 3,349

Dewey ..... 3,197

4TH REP.: He's gaining. Dewey's  
gaining. Did you hear his speech last  
night? It was like church after the  
circus.

5TH REP.: Stop looking at that red  
dog, Shelley. It puts you into a red  
mood. Hand me some more of that  
repulsive cake.

DEM.: Yes, Shelley. Take the intel-  
ligent approach. Democracy through the  
Democrats.

6TH REP.: Watch out, Ethyl! Gad,  
what a thyroid Shelley has—white  
rage, I do believe.

4TH REP. (*gasping little gasps*):  
How do you find your way home at  
night?

DEM.: Instinct!

7TH REP.: Don't use that word.  
Haven't you had psychology?

8TH REP.: If Roosevelt wins we'll  
all have to become teachers and edu-

cate the American public, starting from scratch. Or maybe we could write a history book for them.

6TH REP.: Yes, called "Gullibles Travels."

CURTAIN

## ACT II

*Scene:* Same.

*Time:* 1:55 a. m.

3RD REP.: What time is it?

1ST REP.: Don't worry, the cop doesn't pass here until 2:15. Watch out, Bobby! The coke bottles!

7TH REP.: O-o-o-h! My pigeontoes.

1ST REP.: Just push the glass under the bed. Quiet! Here they come.

*(Radio proceeds through the states, giving the returns to date.)*

DEM. (*smugly*): Well, I guess I'll go to bed.

8TH REP.: We haven't lost yet. New York can still go Republican.

4TH REP.: Yes, and the soldier vote is bound to swing Pennsylvania.

2ND REP.: (*sadly*): It looks like Roosevelt.

1ST REP.: Don't be fatalistic.

2ND REP.: I can't help it. Think of having to tell your son he may grow up to be *Vice-President*.

6TH REP. (*to be read sort of frantically*): Stick by your posts, kids!

4TH REP.: I'll wear black. Everybody wear black tomorrow.

3RD REP. (*timidly*): I haven't anything black. Could I carry an elephant?

4TH REP. (*ignoring her*): The psuedo-brains of the American people! I'm beginning to feel warped myself.

8TH REP.: Maybe if we had a little ventilation——

IRISH VOICE FROM BELOW: What's the room number with that light on?

DEM.: Cheeze-it! De cops!

CURTAIN



## *Decimally Speaking*

By

CATHERINE KORBEL

You love me just one-half as much

As I swear I love you.

Your love for me is three point eight

While mine is six point two!



# Near-Sighted About the Future

By

CATHERINE KORBEL

LOLLIE cursed in an unlady-like fashion as she scrutinized her reflection in the hand-mirror. One side of her mouth was painted almost up to her nose and the other side was a wavering line of red.

"Well," she grinned. "Serves me right for trying to put on my lipstick without the aid of my trusty glasses."

She located the specs and planted them firmly across the bridge of her "Ski-jump" nose, as Steve used to call it. Now that she could see, painting her mouth was a simple thing, and Lollie was through in no time at all. Picking up her purse and gloves, she flew downstairs to the living-room.

"Good-bye, pet," her mother kissed her. "Lollie! Are you going to *wear* your glasses to work?"

"Oh, I know I look like 'who-struck-John' in them, Mother, but I really haven't time even to take 'em off. See you tonight." And with that she was off.

She dashed up to the corner, and sure enough, a bus was coming.

"Will I have time to make it to the mail box?" she wondered. Then, not waiting to think about it, Lollie ran to the box and started to deposit the letters she'd written to Steve. Somehow the word "refuse" jumped up and hit her between the eyes.

"What's happened to the mail box?" she asked aloud.

"Mail box, lady?" a voice at her elbow questioned. Turning, Lollie saw an old colored man dragging a burlap bag towards the trash can. "They ain't nevah been no mail box on dis conah," he went on. "Dis trash can's been heah evah since Ah's been heah!"

"Oh, dear," wailed Lollie. "I've been mailing letters in this—this can for the past three weeks and this is the first time I've had my glasses on and the letters were to a boy overseas and, oh me, he'll never get them now."

At this point the old colored fellow began to "hee-haw" in a loud voice and at the same time began slapping his thigh.

"You needn't laugh!" flashed Lollie, who was close to tears. "Poor Steve, no mail from me for weeks, and it's all my fault. These horrible glasses. . . . I'll have to wear them for always now."

The old Negro had ceased laughing by this time, but he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Little lady, Ah's been emptying dis heah trash can fo' yeahs, and like yo' say, fo' de pas three weeks Ah's been finding dese heah what yo' call V-Mail lettahs in wi' de trash. But yo' needn't fret yo' haid atall cuz Ah been takin' em and puttin' 'em in de

mail box wheah dey belong . . . jes' six feet away. Ah's been wondering who dis 'Miss Charlotte Haven' was, and now Ah knows. Hee, hee! Yo' sho' had a scare, din yo'?"

Lollie had stood there with her mouth wide open, and now she struggled to speak.

"Oh, you sweet person. I don't know how to thank you. I'm practically speechless! I . . .

"Das all right, Miss, but yo' better take heed and weah dem specticals all de time."

"Oh, don't worry," Lollie assured him. "You're an angel and——"

"Heah cums de bus, Chile. Better git goin'."

"Okay, but thanks ever so much. You saved my life."

She scurried up to where the bus had stopped and climbed aboard. She sighed with relief as she sank into the seat. "What a life; what a world. These glasses!"

Lollie noticed that the young naval lieutenant was staring at her. "I guess I do look horrible in these specs," she thought, "and he's darling."

Very nonchalantly, Lollie reached up and removed her glasses. The lieutenant smiled and so did Lollie.



## *Life*

*By*

LOUISE POPE

Life is a meteor flashing bright  
In the darkness of the night;  
A hurtling comet on its way  
Through the black sky into day;  
Speeding toward a loftier place,  
Where rests the soul of the human race;  
Making a stately haven there,  
While the world slumbers unaware.



# The Battle

By

VIRGINIA OQUIST

COLLEGE waitresses may be classified according to three general types. First, the ideal caterer, who, because of her immaculate table, is the pet of every head waitress; second, the average or typical girl who is not always in the kitchen when she is wanted in the dining hall, nor are her candle holders too coated with wax. The third is the sweetheart of Seacobeck, or other college dining halls, the girl who is always in the wrong place at the most inconvenient time. You know her well—the “slip-shod.” She may have forgotten to put dinner plates before the hostess, but her sense of humor is unbounded, and very often the diner can forget her stomach contractions and laugh along with this waitress.

It is dinner time, and the “soldiers in white,” having eaten their rations, are lined up for battle. Captain Ideal leads the battalion, her whole person prepared for the skirmish. With the determination of a leader she rushes headlong with her lima beans into the dining-room to await the enemys’ attack at six. The battalion follows eagerly, all except the rear guard. There she is,

adjusting her uniform (in her haste she wore it backwards). It is six o’clock, and the enemy front lines close in with a pincer movement on the rear guard, Private Slip-shod. Will she get to her station with the mashed potatoes before the enemy is ready for a second helping of meat and biscuits?

Everything that goes wrong in the dining hall is immediately attributed to little Slip-shod. When somebody drops a tray full of glasses on the tile, it is Slip-shod. Who always leaves her candlesticks on the table beside an empty sugar bowl? Slip-shod!

Through the shouting and diving and snatching for the last piece of cake in the pan, after the fifty waitresses have battled for their rights, little Slip-shod remains untouched and unmoved. After the scurry is over, Slip-shod saunters up, her smile still intact, her sense of humor untainted, and claims the ice cream for dessert because it is all that remains.

Captain Ideal may be perfect as a worker and admired by her girls, but the girl we want most to see, to keep us light and merry is . . . yes, Little Slip-shod!



# *My Ambition*

*By*

LOUISE POPE

I do not aspire to fame,  
Dazzling lights, and the world's acclaim.  
I care not for great renown.  
Let me live in a quiet town,  
Away from the noise of the clamoring throng,  
The eternal struggle of weak and strong.

I would choose a peaceful way,  
Looking forward to each new day;  
Working, praying, content to be  
A drop in the cup of humanity;  
Loving alike the sun and rain.  
Then I shall not have lived in vain.



# Trinkle Notes

By

ELIZABETH ROBERTS

HUNDREDS of feet wend their way daily to the library, some dragging reluctantly up its steps, some dashing desperately to get that book back before the eight-thirty class. Procrastinating history parallel readers exhaust the 973's in the Reserve room; term-paper writers make the main desk look like a bargain counter as they vie with one another to take out all the books on Milton, Chaucer, or Shakespeare. Upstairs, many fall easy victims to the lure of *Life* or *Mademoiselle* and put aside their assignments in *Newsweek* or *The Atlantic Monthly*. Some few fortunates retire to the Browsing room to sprawl luxuriously in chairs, and indulge in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* or *Lost Horizon*.

Thousands of questions flash across the circulation desk, varying from the unusual to the ludicrous. One student we know came to the desk and asked for something on eggs—anything at all, just so it was on eggs. Another student requested seriously the “big green book.” She didn’t know the author or the title, but just that it was “big and green.”

A conscientious history student of the Freshman Class nonchalantly walked up to the desk with that “this-is-an-old-

experience-for-me” air, and asked for “973.” Of course, there are only several hundred 973's in the library.

When one of our professors in the Science Department came here a few years ago, he admired the beauty of our new library. He had been in our country only a few years and he was not familiar with some of our more idiomatic expressions. After praising the library, he hesitated and added in a puzzled tone:

“I understand why the library is named the E. Lee Trinkle Library. I also understand why there is the Virginia room. But what I do not understand is who this man Browsing is.”

For the benefit of those who conduct inspection tours through the library on Sundays, we feel that the four busts in the rotunda should be identified. As you enter the library, the one on the right is Socrates; that on the left is Voltaire. The bust over the catalog on the right has not been identified. On the left is Beethoven. An interesting research adventure would be to identify as many of the statues in the library as possible. Anyone interested?

After witnessing the great number of

books that were brought in overdue, a list of expenditures was drawn up. It should be fairly representative of the typical student list on the campus:

War stamps  
Cokes  
Library fines

Lunches in the College Shoppe  
Library fines  
Campus Chest  
Library fines  
Library fines  
Etc.

Maybe you can see what we mean.



### *Octave*

*By*

EMILY STOECKER

How great a thing might I have missed  
Had not your friendship come my way.  
Your tender warmth awakes in me  
A strange, yet glorious sense, unknown  
Before to man, a sense so free  
That when you favor me, alone,  
With smile, so sweet, sincere, a ray  
Of joyous life springs forth unrepressed.



# One Side of the Story

By

EMILY LYNCH

IT was chilly, but even if it had been warm, Penny would have been cold. Chills just made a race track of her spinal column. Every time the little gremlins would start flickering up and down her back, she would shiver and begin to think she would be sick. Then all would be calm for a moment; although the perspiration lay in large drops on her forehead, and her hands became wet and clammy. She tried to swallow, but the lump in her throat felt as big as a baseball, so it was impossible.

With shaking fingers, she fixed her hair; then cautiously, she put on her formal. Penny pulled out her jewelry and got it on—somehow. Glancing at her watch, which lay on the bureau, she gasped. Eight-twenty, and she still had so many things to do. She dabbed at her face with lipstick and grabbed her coat. As she left, she suddenly remembered her roommate—and the light. Dashing back into the room she shut off her roommate and yelled at the light switch. Realizing her mistake, she reversed the procedure and started out the door again. Since this attempt proved more successful, she and her roommate found themselves in front of George Washington Auditorium at about eight-thirty-five, on September 22, the evening of the awe-inspiring Freshman reception.

They waited and waited, until grad-

ually Penny's fear and excitement died, leaving her a shaking, weary mass. disliking the place intensely, and dreaming of home.

The line moved spasmodically, so that, by the time they reached the door, Penny was blowing upon her hands to keep life in them. Moving more rapidly, they ascended to the third floor, where they got rid of their coats, which by this time had become a burden, thanks to a good heating system and the large number of people. To their amazement, they found it was only nine-thirty—they being sure that midnight had come and gone long ago. Penny's feet, never approving of high heels for any length of time, began to protest. Finding that this did no good, the abused "ten" proceeded to wail very loudly. Penny was forced to shift from one foot to the other, so they wouldn't embarrass her by their unseemly behavior.

Finally, they moved. Inch by inch, as snails move, they climbed the last flight of stairs, a long, crawling mass of humanity. Reaching the top they were greeted by a refreshing blast of air. No longer one of a mass, they again became individuals. The old feeling came over Penny again, but this time her knees shook also. She gazed at the sea of faces before her and none

seemed familiar. In a moment of panic she turned to run back quickly, down those long flights, over to her room, home, anywhere, anywhere—just away.

Someone behind her gave a slight push and Penny stumbled forward, a poor excuse for a smile on her face. Her name passed swiftly down the line—so many, many people, all full of unknown terrors. What should she say? What should she do? All the time she had to speak and be polite; she kept telling herself, "Grow up. These people won't bite. Besides, you're just one of six hundred Freshmen and they'll remember your name for as long as it takes to say it." Calm and courage came from some undesigned corner

and Penny woke up enough to think about her surroundings.

Penny remembers a soft voice and a cool hand; she remembers countless weary tones. She remembers a warm voice and some tall person and then—relief. Afterward, there was food and something good to drink. There was excitement, dancing, and the joy of being alive. Forgetting that she had urgently prayed to be out of there two hours earlier, Penny joked and laughed with all the girls.

Toward midnight all the little lights on the campus went out, including Penny's. She went to sleep dreaming beautiful dreams for the future and with the beginnings of a beautiful cold.



### *Intensity*

*By*

JUNE KRATCHOVIL

Because I met you  
Life has taken on another hue.  
Intensity has deepened.  
No grey, no palest pink—  
Instead, the flamelike brightness  
Of enticing red, bold yellow,  
And the blackness of the quickly burning wick.

The flame burns low, goes out.  
We knew. We planned it thus.  
No dimming out—for, oh  
The warmth and light it gave our lives the while it burned!



# The Visitor

By

CATHERINE KORBEL

I WAS sitting in my rocker by the window when I heard his voice from behind me say, "Don't move, Agnes, dear. Just let me look at you as you are now."

I smiled and closed my eyes and continued to rock. I could feel his eyes upon me and I felt myself relaxing under their warm gaze. He had come back! I was in love; in love with a man I scarcely knew.

"All right, little lady, you may open your eyes." His voice which thrilled me to the depths of my soul brought me out of my dreams.

Turning in my chair, I grasped both of his hands and sighed. "Keith, you *did* come back to me."

He smiled and, still holding my hands, seated himself at my feet. "Yes, Agnes, I did, and nothing can keep me away."

We lapsed into silence; still holding hands, each thinking his own thoughts. It was odd, the way we had met—I spend a great deal of my time sitting by the window, watching the people go by and pretending little things. A few weeks ago I had been startled to hear a male voice at my elbow, and when I turned from the window I saw a tall young man with an engaging smile standing before me. He had, so he said, seen me day in and day out for the past months and perhaps because it was April, or perhaps because he was a foolish young man, as he hastened to

explain, he had gathered his courage and proceeded to find out who this girl was; this girl whose face haunted him. I couldn't help but laugh at his un-subtle approach, and so I invited him to sit down and have tea with me. He was delighted and could scarcely take his eyes from me. We chatted and soon the afternoon was gone. He departed as unobtrusively as he had come, promising to return.

I'll admit I thought about him a good bit; wondering who he was, what kind of work he did, wondering if he were married, and wondering if he would return.

He did, and each return was more golden and precious than the previous one. He listened to my troubles; laughed when I laughed and held me in his arms when he sensed my loneliness. He'd slip in quietly when I'd least expect him. And then, he stayed away for three days. I was sick with despair; I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep wondering when once more I'd hear his voice coming to me from across the room.

And here he was now, seated at my feet, holding my hands in his. And I knew now that I had given up any desire to pull Cupid's arrow from my heart.

"Agnes," he asked, "what are you thinking about?"

"Not much, Keith. Just reminiscing a bit."

"Dearest, don't ever let me be away from you again," he pleaded. I heard the urgent note in his voice and it set my heart afire. "I love you, Agnes, and you love me."

"Yes," I whispered, "I do." And it had taken just three days without him to realize it.

But, this is madness, I told myself. Who was he? Where did he come from? What was he really like?

As if reading my very thoughts, Keith said, "And above all, you must trust me, Agnes."

"Yes, Keith," I answered. And he kissed me. There was something so comforting about him, something so relaxing in the air when he was near, that I had to fight drowsiness which I felt.

"Ah, my little one," he observed, "you are tired."

Yes, I was utterly fatigued from the three days and nights I had spent in agony, worrying about him.

"You go to sleep," he softly said and I knew he was lifting me and placing me on the divan. "I will be here beside you. Now rest." And I slipped into a deep sleep.

Later, much later, I awakened. Keith was gone, but my heart was light. I knew he would return tomorrow and tomorrow, forever and forever.

And then the door opened and in came that little man in the white uniform, with my tray of food. He'd never know my secret, because if I told him, he'd never believe it. I waited until he closed the door and I heard the key turn in the lock. I was happy. Keith would come tomorrow, and no one would ever, ever know.



## Dinner Number

*By*

BETTY HALFACRE

"Meditation" from Tahis . . . what could be sweeter than those silvery notes from Eva's violin as we all sit in the strange hush of the dining room? An autumn sun filters through the venetian blinds, and comes to rest on many bright heads. A sense of quietness and sacredness pervades. Who knows, possibly the others are not sharing my feelings at all, but I feel that the girl drawing those clear, true tones from the violin must surely possess the same sterling qualities as the music she loves.



# News

*By*

MARGARET R. FARSHING

THE doorbell rang; Marian and I ran downstairs fighting to see which one could reach the door first. Being older and somewhat stronger, I managed to reach it before she did. When I opened the door I saw a messenger boy who had a telegram for my mother. I conformed with the necessary red tape, dismissed the boy, and shut the door.

No sooner had I done this than I began thinking of Dad in the South Pacific and I realized that we hadn't heard from him in over two months. Mother was at the USO, and we were at home alone. Fear flooded my soul. Looking at Marian, I realized she, too, had the same thought.

We both walked into the parlor and curled up on the sofa where we used to spend long winter evenings with Dad reading first one story and then an-

other. Not a word was spoken. I just held the cold yellow paper with trembling hands and stared down at it.

For a moment my mind wandered back over the lovely day we had had. Since it was Christmas, Marian and I had received flowers and candy from our respective beaux. They had called for us later in the day, and we all had gone to Raleigh for dinner and a show.

I suddenly realized I must open the telegram, whatever the news might be. Marian caught her breath as I tore the telegram open. I read it, then rushed to the telephone.

"Operator, give me the USO at once!"

A brief silence followed, then I heard Mother's sweet voice answering my call. I blurted out in a torrent of tears, "Mom, Dad's coming home!"



## *Dark Memories*

*By*

LOUISE POPE

I hate the smile of sunshine  
On the path all kissed with dew,  
By the graceful weeping willows,  
Where once I walked with you.

I hate the little rippling stream  
Beside the bench of stone,  
Where hopes and dreams we fashioned,  
Just you and I alone.

All the old familiar things,  
That every day I see,  
I hate them, oh, I hate them all!  
For you are gone from me.

# Portraits of the Profs

By

LOIS FRENCH, ALICE LYNCH, BARBARA FLOYD, AND ELIZABETH ROBERTS

It is often a certain little characteristic in people that adds to their charm or personality and makes them more loved and remembered. Whether it is a certain sense of humor, a certain expression of speech, a way of laughing, or any other small trait, it is this characteristic that distinguishes the person from all others. We have attempted to capture some of these little traits of our faculty in the following sketches to see how many readers can identify the faculty member represented.

Student: Señor, I'm confused as to the assignment tomorrow. Are we to read the selection from Blast-Gana, or do we give our book reports?

Señor (*nodding pleasantly*): Yesss.

One of the afternoon classes is always in an uproar trying to figure out why "a man is what he isn't because he has been what he won't be but could be if he was what he was to begin with."

This professor believes in putting his students' minds at ease (?) when giving a test by keeping up a running fire of jokes and puns. Recently he asked one of his classes that had been discussing Ponce de Leon if they knew where the fountain of youth was to-day. His answer to their puzzled looks was—the drug store!

It is interesting to notice the surprise on the faces of the new students when they are greeted by a "How are you, Miss Thingamagig, of so-and-so town in-such-and-such a county?", as

they meet this professor whose memory is the envy of all history students.

It doesn't take the Freshmen long to become acquainted with a familiar figure haunting the College Shoppe who knows everyone and addresses all the girls as "old hens."

You can scarcely have failed to notice the handsome, distinguished white-haired gentleman with the cane who bows so gallantly to his students as he meets them on campus.

There is a professor, whom many of us have come to know this year, who has such an infectious laugh that the class laughs to hear him. It is a very hearty, "Heh, heh, heh," delivered at the most surprising moments.

What Freshman has not fallen under the charm of one of our newest teachers who has a most delightful mixture of an English and Philadelphia accent?



"Girls, this book has been banned in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Denver and Washington. Clubs all over the country are rising in opposition to it. You will find it on the third shelf on the left-hand side of the reference room; take your turn and don't stampede the place."

"Now this trait might be caused by social environment, home environment, or heredity, but I think it is instinct."

Without a visible gray hair, this teacher is constantly referring to her fifty-five years of teaching. Yankees here at college love to hear her say, "Now turn to page foh-ty-foh."

It would be hard to imagine a certain teacher talking without flinging his hands around. The repertoire of this "sunny" professor includes playing the piano, acting, dancing, and composing.





# Navidades (*Christmas*) in Puerto Rico

By

AURI BADILLO

WITH the coming of December, the spirit of Christmas draws near. In whatever country a Puerto Rican may be, whenever the holidays begin to manifest themselves, her mind goes back to past Christmases spent on her native island home. Although the spirit of the holidays is the same throughout the civilized world, they are celebrated in different ways. Puerto Rican festivities resemble the Spanish ones much in the same way that many Puerto Rican traditions and customs resemble the traditions and customs of Spain.

Early in December a sort of anxiety and excitement is seen as a foretelling of the happy days that are coming. Crowds of people are seen everywhere. Parties, dinners, dances are given in public places and also in the more pretentious private homes, and family reunions become the fashion. The theatres show religious pictures or produce religious plays. Some of the most interesting festivities are those given in the plazas—each town has a plaza, much like a public square—in which the church is located. The best people on the island go to church on Christmas. After the religious services are over, the people walk about the square, where bands are playing and other forms of entertainment are given for them. The couples and the children dressed in colorful clothes make a very interesting

sight. The women wear flowers, or "mantillas," on their heads. Mothers and fathers and the older people take their places as onlookers to admire their children and converse with their neighbors.

The country people put on their best clothes and go to the nearest town to visit and do their shopping. They form little orchestras made up of such instruments as the mandolin, the guitar, the maraca, and the guicharo. They sing "coplas" which are original narrative songs about the birth and life of Christ. These people go from house to house playing and singing their songs. Everyone enjoys the entertainment and some give them money, while others ask them to eat of the typical Christmas dinner. The Christmas dinner is made up of such delicacies as: pasteles, made of green bananas and meat; asopao, made of rice and chicken cooked in the Spanish way, and made rich and tasty by many flavory things added to it; arroz con dulce, made of rice cooked with sweet things; and for dessert something such as guava paste and cheese. The wine is present at all meals and for this occasion the best of wines are served. After the people have spent sometime in one home, they move on to another and so on for the rest of the evening.

In the States, Christmas day is celebrated on the twenty-fifth of December.

Although Puerto Rico now celebrates on this day also, it has not always been so. Puerto Ricans also celebrate January 6 as their Christmas day. This day was once their only day of celebration. It is very interesting to note the differences between these two celebrations.

In the States, Santa Claus comes in his sleigh drawn by eight reindeer. A Christmas tree is fixed and the presents and toys are placed under the tree or in stockings, hung by the chimney. Instead of Santa Claus, the Three Kings come on three beautiful camels to the children of Puerto Rico. The children get the best and greenest grass they can find and put it in boxes under their beds for the camels to eat, for after

they have journeyed so far they must be tired and hungry. Children go to bed very early Christmas night. Sometimes the excitement does not let them sleep, and now and then they jump from their beds to see if the Three Kings have come and the camels have eaten the grass and have put the toys instead. This is the biggest day in the whole Christmas season and every child, no matter how poor, gets something. No father or mother could stand the grief and disappointment seen in a child's face if he should find nothing in the morning.

Christmas is over and everybody goes back to school, but still some of the spirit of the Yuletide lingers to brighten the year.



## INDEX OF AUTHORS

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